

## MORSE'S

Writing Paper  
AND  
ENVELOPES,

Our entire stock of the above we offer at a great sacrifice. Note our price. Whiting's extra quality, Linen Paper, 1 a quire, and Envelopes to match at 15c each.

Ladies' Linen  
Cape Collars,  
3c

200 dozen Ladies' Linen Cape Collar  
20c and 25c qualities, all on one table  
Monday at 3c each.

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**FRENCH**

**FRENCH**  
Metal Buttons,  
10c Card

We recently purchased a "Job" of fine imported metal Buttons, qualities worth from 25c to \$1.00 a dozen. This week we will sell them at the lowest prices, with a

Children's  
Embroidered  
CAPS  
50c

Monday we offer all of our \$1.00 and \$1.50

Morse Dry Goods C

Marlan, No. 1, at Orleans; John A. Logan, No. 2, at Brown City; Red Cross, No. 3, at

**M. W. OF A.**

The new lodge which was instituted by malapud lodge No. 120 elected the following officers: Venerable consul, G. E. Brown; worthy advisor, C. A. Sanders; excellent secretary, J. H. H. Nye; esquire, S. R. Taylor; G. W. Koogle; watchman, H. A. Guild; treasurer, R. F. Taylor; physicians, Dr. E. E. Coleman and Dr. W. T. Mason; managers, G. W. Koogle and S. R. Taylor. The next delegate to the head camp, Dr. Sloman. The new lodge has not yet been named and will meet at the city of the clerk.

**O. E. D.**

Vesta chapter, Order of the Eastern Star, will give a basket picnic at Waterloo near

able to make this affair a very enjoyable one  
 and a large number of tickets has been sold.  
 Dr. Birney cures catarrh, Bce bldg.  
**PEPPER MINT DROPS.**  
 In sugar we trust.  
 Woman's crowning glory in her hair—of  
 some one else.  
 Young Gossig—Mr. Rocks, I wish—er—  
 what is, I desire—er—the hand of your daugh-  
 er. Rocks—That all? What's the matter  
 with the rest of you?  
 "Give me a dollar's worth of stamps,  
 please," said a lady to the clerk of a post-  
 office. "What denomination, madam?"  
 "Presbyterian, I suppose. That's what Mr.  
 Wamaker is."  
 "Twenty? Wouldn't you like to study lan-  
 guages, Bobby? Bobby—I can talk two lan-

Woman's crowning glory in her hair—  
 one mine else.

Young Goslin—Mr. Rocks, I wish—  
 er, I desire, to see the hand of your daughter  
 in my hand. Hecce, that! What's the matter  
 with the rest of her then?

"Give me a dollar's worth of stamps, please," said a lady to the clerk of a post-office.  
 "No stamps, madam!"

Presbyterian, I suppose. That's what Mr. Vanamaker is, I believe."

Amity—Wouldn't you like to study languages, Bobby? Bobby—You can talk two languages, Bobby. "You can. What are they?" "English an' baseball."

George Washington wore a No. 11 boot. I can't hardly necessary to state that he got a No. 11 boot.

Druggists, however prosperous, always do business on a small scale.

"Young heads and old colleges" seems to be the motto of our educators today. It isn't.

"Well, Ethel, did you have a good time at the barge party?" "No. Had a horrid time. Charley flouted the chaperon all the evening."

Man is flouted the noblest work of God. Man's sinners gets half of those little Lord's prayer he sates one a yard wide about his waist one is apt to lose sight of this.

A good way to save your family the expense of a funeral is to keep them dead.

"Give me a dollar's worth of stamps, please," said a lady to the clerk of a post office. "What denomination, madam?" Presbyterian, I suppose. That's what Mr. Vanamaker is, I believe."

Aunt—Wouldn't you like to study languages, Bobby? Bobby—I can talk two languages now, aunty. "You can! What are they?" "English an' baseball."

George Washington wore a No. 11 boot. I don't hardly necessary to state that he got there with both of them.

Druggists, however prosperous, always deal in small quantities.

"Suggests new aunty. 'You can! What are you saying?' "English an' baseball." George Washington wore a No. 11 boot. I ain't hardly necessary to state that he got there with both of them.  
 "Druggists, however prosperous, always do business on a small scale."  
 "Young heads and old colleges" seems to be the motto of our educators today. It isn't half bad.  
 "Well, Ethel, did you have a good time a la carte barge party?" "No. Had a horrid time." "Charley flirted with the chaperon all the time."

"Young heads and old colleges" seems to be the motto of our educators today. It isn't half bad.

"Well, Ethel, did you have a good time at the barge party?" "No. Had a horrid time. Charley flirted with the chaperon all the evening."

Man is doubtless the noblest work of God when he gets one of these little Lord Canterbury sashes half a yard wide about his waist one is apt to lose sight of this.

A good way to save your family the expense of a large and costly funeral after

Man is doubtless the noblest work of God, but when he gets one of these little Lorr-auntier sashes half a yard wide about his waist one is apt to lose sight of this.

A good way to save your family the expense of a large and costly funeral after our death is to be a mean man while you live.

Dear—I'm writing to Mrs. Van Cortlandt, I hope, and I shall put in any word from you to her. I shall tell her that you are a good husband—That woman makes me dead, I tell you. Give her my kindest regards, and

Wife—I'm writing to Mrs. Van Cortlandt, dear; shall I put in any word from you to her husband—That woman makes me deadly tired. Give her my kindest regards, and love, of course.

"I don't believe in allowing domestics to get the upper hand. I make my servant keep her place." "You are lucky. Ours never does for more than three weeks."

Agreeable Stranger (to little daughter of such-married Chicagoan, pointing to portrait of a woman in the gallery)—

"I don't believe in allowing domestics to get the upper hand. I make my servant keep her place." "You are lucky. Ours never does for more than three weeks."

Agreeable Stranger (to little daughter of much-married Chicagoan, pointing to pointing finger in child's pocket)—What a beautiful woman! Who is it, my dear? Little Daughter—It's one of my old maids! I really can't remember which.

Tailor—I really do hope you will settle this little account today, sir. I have a heavy bill for a new ray cloth merchant. Captain (causing

raint in child's locket)—What a beautiful woman! Who is it, my dear! Little Daughter—It's one of my old mammas, but I really can't remember which.

Tailor—I really do hope you will settle this little account today, sir. I have a heavy bill to pay my cloth merchant. Captain (calmly)—Confound your impudence! You go and contract debts, and come dunning me to pay them. Get out, or I'll send for the police.

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**Dr. Birney cures catarrh, Bee bldg.**